Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the nights and fast the daies,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fouler then he is,
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.
Q. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. M. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.
Dn. Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit Mar.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your Client woes,
Aerie succeeders of intestate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.
Duc. If so, then be not toong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sweet sonnes smotherd.
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.
Qu. Hidst thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers?
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toade, thou toade, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?
King. A flourish trumpets strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets sound.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,

Or

Or with the clamorous report of w
Thus will I drowne your exclama
Du. Art thou my sonne?
King. I, I thank God, my fathe
Du. Then patiently heare my
Kin. Madam I haue a touch of
Which cannot brooke the accent
Du. I will be mild and gentle i
Kin. And briefe good mother
Du. Art thou so hastie I haue
God knowes in anguish, paine an
King. And came I not at last to
Du. No by the holy roode tho
Thou camst on earth, to make th
A greeuous burthen was thy by
Techie and waiward was thy inf
Thy schoole-daies frightful, desp
Thy prime of manhood, daring,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtl
What comfortable houre canst t
That euer grac't me in thy comp
Ki. Faith none but Humphrey
To breakefast once forth of my
If it be so disgratious in your sigh
Let me march on, and not offen
Du. O heare me speake, for I
King. Come, come, you are to
Du. Either thou wilt die by G
Ere from this war thou turne a c
Or I with griefe and extreame
And neuer looke vpon thy face
Therefore take with thee my m
Which in the day of battaile tir
Then all the compleat armor t
My praiers on the aduerse parti
And there the little soules of Ed
Whisper the spirits of thine ene
And promise them successe an